

The Avalanche

SAILING, HANSON & CO., PUBLISHERS.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

TO MY DOG, BLANCO.

My dear, dumb friend, long lying there
A willing vessel at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street,
I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!
For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind
Has surely informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.
I scan the whole broad earth around
For that which shall be true and true,
Heeds friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.
I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor grieve less, nor seek of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungs of earth,
Can move you from my side!
As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold.
More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.
I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed.
And thus we understand.
Ah, Blanco! I do worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility.
Did I not fondly love this life,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.
—Scribner's Magazine.

PUTTING ON STEAM.

A Railroad Engineer's Story.

I am a railroad engineer. Away along in 1887, during the recent panic, I was running on the F. and C. railroad. The railroad companies were going under in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures, and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was generally looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any fears that it would fail to survive the general smash up; but yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down, arrearsages collected, and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got into deeper water than was agreeable all around. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first-quality Taunton engines for the fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations were made to cut down the time and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before when the new engines should come. Well, there was but one of the engines came.

I said that there was but one engine came; but she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out of the Taunton works, and that is saying as much as can be said of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine. It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was to take a special train up to Y. The train was to carry up the President and several officers of the road to meet some officers of another road, which crosses ours there, and arrange some important business with them. I had no trouble at all in making my forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just holding up at Y when Aldrich, the Treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we were still under good headway, he was much injured and carried off to the hotel insensible. According to the President's direction, I switched off my train, turned my engine and stood ready to start back to C at a moment's notice.

Aldrich's presence was of so much importance that the business could not be transacted without him, so all those had brought out, except the President and Aldrich, went back to C on the 3 o'clock express train. This was the last regular train which was to pass over the road until next Monday. Early in the evening I left the machine in charge of my fireman, and went over to an eating-house to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was playing a game of dominoes with the station agent when came Roberts, the President, in a state of great excitement.

"Harry," said he, "I want you to put me down in C at 12 o'clock."

As it was nearly 11 o'clock then, and the distance was seventy-five miles, I thought he was joking at first; but when we got outside the door he caught me by the arm and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"Harry," said he, "if you don't set me down in C at 12 o'clock, I am a ruined man, and this road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead; but he told me before he died that he had embezzled from time to time \$500,000 of our money, and his clerk is to start with it on the 12 o'clock boat from C for Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands; and if you put me down in C at the right time, so that I save my money, you shall have \$5,000. Understand it, Harry—\$5,000."

Of course, I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down. I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road, if I lived, and told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry," he re-

plied, as he climbed up on the steps of the coach which was coupled to my engine.

I sprang up on to the footboard, got up the switch tender, to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and, just as we commenced moving, looked at my watch; it was just 11 o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in. From Y to B—there were several curves on the road, but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it, so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter, and when I saw how the engine moved I felt very little fear for the result. The road for the first few miles was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy putting myself up as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we danced by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out and having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time!" yelled a voice from the coach.

I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand.

I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means if we carried out our plans of reaching C by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam heavily at 110 pounds, so I turned down the valve to 200, for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C. It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed a rather long curve at the station, but which at our rate of speed was short enough, I looked at my watch, and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"Gaining!" I shouted back to Roberts, who was standing on the platform of the coach.

"Look out for the heavy grades," he replied, and went inside the car.

The next six miles rose gradually from a level to a ten-and-a-half-foot grade, the last of which lay between us and the station. My fireman kept her full, and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam turned continually, so that she kept her speed and passed the station like a streak of light in five minutes. Now came nine miles like the last, over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven and a half minutes.

Here for ten miles we had a twenty-foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the coach with wood which had been placed there before starting, while he had gone after me.

I believe we would have gone these ten miles with the same speed as before, but through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain-valve on the left-hand side of the engine got opened, and the water rose in the boiler so fast as to run the steam down to 100 pounds before I discovered where the difficulty was. At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as for dear life. But presently he looked up, and seeing that the speed had decreased, he shouted:

"Harry, we are stopping!" and then, coming over to where I was, he said:

"Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand if something is not done! The speed is continually slackening. What's the matter?"

I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and after having tied down the safety-valve he climbed over the tender, exhorting me to "put her through, for God's sake, or we are all beggars together."

Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road, but we had lost twenty-five minutes, and had only left twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-seven miles in. I had shut the water off from both my pumps a little distance back when I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam finely down a slight grade. From less than 100, with which we started over that ten-mile stretch, she had 200 pounds before we finished it, and the gauge indicated no higher than that and not how much over 200 pounds she carried, but she certainly carried none less the remainder of the journey. And well she might carry such an enormous load of steam, for after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes there lay ten miles of five-foot up grade, and fourteen miles of twenty feet to the mile depression between us and C, and it was now 33 minutes to 12 o'clock.

Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace door, smoke-arch and chimneys were all red, while she seemed to fly onward as if the very evil on himself operated her machinery. Six minutes carried us over that ten miles, and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C. Now we had fourteen miles to go, and my time showed fifty-three minutes past 11 o'clock. "If I live," said I to myself, "I will make it." And we plunged down that twenty-foot grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run said it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by, and then the sound of its traveling died away in the distance, that they could hardly convince themselves they

had really seen anything. It seemed more like the creature of a wild dream than a sober reality.

And now let me tell you that no engine ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, seven feet in diameter, spun around so swift that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along; and, although the track was as true as it was possible for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine could hold together if crowded to a greater speed.

"Well, just as I came to a standstill in the depot at C," the big clock boomed out 12; and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time, and nothing to spare. But he saved the money. He found it hid away in some old boxes, as Aldrich had directed him.

OLD HICKORY.
The Attempt to Kill President Jackson.

Andrew Jackson had many bitter enemies. Being naturally a man of violent temper, he had never learned to control himself, and in the discharge of his official duty he had been compelled to give great offense to many who honestly differed from him. His veto of the Bank bill and his prompt measures to put down nullification had inflamed the passions of his political opponents. Many said and believed that he was ruining the country, and he aggravated the feelings against him by his unyielding and imperious manner. A Mr. Randolph, who had been a Lieutenant in the navy and had been cashiered, attempted to pull President Jackson's nose publicly, and report says more than half succeeded. At least, the President's face was covered with blood. His pride was wounded in this case, but there was no actual danger. "Had I known," said Jackson, "that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared, and I could have defended myself. No villain ever escaped me before, and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation." (The President was seated in an arm-chair when attacked.)

Far more serious was the attempt made upon the President's life Jan. 30, 1835. On that day the President and his Cabinet and both houses of Congress met in the hall of the House of Representatives to take part in the funeral ceremonies of a deceased member of Congress from South Carolina. As the President, near the head of the procession, was passing out from the rotunda of the Capitol and was about to enter the portico, a man stepped out of the crowd, and, standing not eight feet from the President, leveled a pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The compressed fire, the man instantly drew a second pistol from under his cloak and again tried to shoot. But the second shot also missed fire. President Jackson rushed furiously at the assassin with uplifted cane, and would have felled him to the ground, but, before he could reach the man, Light, Gage, of the navy, had knocked him down, and he was speedily secured. The prisoner, who was an English house-painter named Lawrence Porter, explained his motives in words which apply with singular aptness to the case of this wretched creature:

"Hearing on all sides that the country had been seized by the measures of Gen. Jackson, the project of assassinating him had fastened itself in my crazy brain. The physicians who examined him reported: 'He stated that, believing the President to be the source of all his misfortunes, he was at first in his purpose to kill him; and, if his successor pursued the same course, to put him out of the way also.'"

Lawrence was placed in an asylum. The insinuations of the Globe that he was the agent of a conspiracy obtained no general credence. But Jackson himself always insisted that after minds like Lawrence's had instigated the assassin, Miss Martineau, who witnessed the funeral ceremonies and had a confused view of the exciting scene when the President was shot at, writes in her "Retrospect of Western Travel."

When I did go to the White House I took the briefest possible notice to the President of the "Globe" article of Lawrence, but the word roused his ire. He protested, in the presence of many strangers, that there was no insanity in the case. I was silent, of course. He protested that there was a plot and that the man was a tool, and at last quoted the Attorney General as having publicly trying to persuade a foreigner that any of his constituents changed him to the death, and I took the liberty to change the subject.

Gen. Jackson, in his dying hour, anticipated George Poindexter, of Mississippi, of having participated in the attempt to assassinate him; but few, if any, even of his own partisans, shared in this suspicion.

A VERACTION EDITOR.
The editor of the Pottsville Peering is evidently not considered by his townsmen to crowd the lamented George Washington very hard on the score of veracity. The other day two of his principal advertisers walked in, and said one:

"Howdy, Major? I want you to answer a question; just decide a little bit, you know. Now, sit, be so kind as to pay particular attention, and think before you speak. Did it rain this morning?"

"Why, of course it did!" said the political thunderer, much surprised.

"Exactly, much obliged," said the citizen, with a relieved expression.

"You see Judge Parker let me \$40 that you couldn't tell the truth on any subject, and under any circumstances whatever, and I took him up. Come out and take a drink." And, as the winner further agreed to pay his back subscription out of the stakes, the Major concluded to call it square.—San Francisco Post.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

Young writers should rid themselves of the popular notion that an article has only to be written and sent to the editor to have it published and the author made famous. The few practical hints given in the following paragraphs may smooth the obstacles in the path of the young aspirant for literary honors, while they encourage him to walk in the right way.

A first article is pretty sure to be rejected; perhaps the second, third, fourth and maybe more. The reason is not far to seek.

Editors, like the heads of other professions, choose experience. They have never a lack of matter to pick from; rather the contrary; and in the interests of the readers of their publications they insert the best.

The editor for the aspirant there is the bitterness of delays. An article is accepted; he receives a note from the editor to say that it must be cut down in certain portions.

He readily offers the MS. on any terms. It may afterward be months before it appears in print.

The interval, too, between the sending of the MS. and the receipt of the usual "compliments and thanks" is generally utilized by the author in building air-castles on his supposed success.

He indulges in a pleasant little dream, in which he sees the editor poring in admiration over his production, and laying it reverently aside for the compositor.

The reality may be that the MS. is deposited among a score of others, all to be returned to their respective owners at some future and convenient opportunity.

First, as regards writing an article, there must be experience, even in the forming of the sentences.

Editors at times take matter written in a very indifferent manner; but it is only where the subject happens to be a novel one, or of great general interest.

A choice of interesting topics and style will only come with practice.

In commenting to seek the favor of editors, let the articles sent be brief; this is important.

See that the production is legibly written, well spelled and grammatical.

It should also be observed that the journal to which the article is forwarded must be one in which a similar style of matter is commonly to be met with.

Above all, let the article stand upon its own merits; never trouble the editor with such remarks as that it comes recommended by a friend of that personage.

To say that it is a first attempt will be superfluous; the honorable gentleman at the head of affairs will see that at a glance.

Never go from the editor's head to his heart, and plead poverty. The aspirant is on a level with a begging-letter pleader at once; besides, no editor cares to deal with a contributor who is so wanting in success as to plead poverty.

An editor's judgment may be relied upon; but some will accept what others refuse; so if an article be returned from one office, do not be chary of sending it to another.

Keep constantly writing, have three or four articles at different offices at once—there are publications enough.—Youth's Companion.

TOO POOR TO TAKE THE PAPER.
Now and then we receive a letter or card with the above statement, and asking us to stop the paper, but in the statement true, in a single instance? Those who say so feel that way, no doubt, and believe to be true, but they are mistaken. No man or woman is too poor to take a good family paper, no matter what his or her circumstances may be.

A good weekly only costs \$5, 15 or 20 cents a month, or an average of only 1 cent a day, and who is there on earth that cannot afford an investment of one half a cent a day for intellectual recreation? Any person owning only one laying hen can pay it from this resource alone. If the man or woman is not a benevolent person in the land who would not gladly gratify a desire on their part to have a good paper to read. It costs so little, and then the pleasure it brings to the helpless one is so great.

This is one of the fatal mistakes which our people have always made, and it is time they were set right on this subject. It is not poverty, as we have shown, but the trouble is simply a lack of appreciation and taste for reading.

The great mass of our people do not read at all. It is a bore to them. They are absorbed in making cotton and selling goods, and the man who tells you that he has no time to take your paper, or is too poor to take it, will fight his way to the ticket box to pay \$3 to see a theatrical humbug, and will think nothing of paying \$5 or \$6 to take his family into a circus as often as one comes around. And, more discouraging yet, many men will give you the same excuse, and yet spend day after day around a village or city grog shop, and any one day's expenditure for whisky and cigars would more than pay for the paper a whole year. But this is not all. He is not too poor to pay \$2 or \$3 for a but to place upon his boy's head, nor is his wife too poor to pay any amount for one for her own amusement, but they are entirely too poor to pay only a dollar or two for something permanent and lastingly beneficial to go on the inside of their poor empty heads. These facts are very discouraging to publishers, and the whole press should endeavor to correct this fatal trouble among our people.—Sunny South.

SUICIDES FROM UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.
The Europe, of Brussels, publishes some curious statistics of suicides at

tributed to unhappy marriages. According to this statement, in Sweden, out of every 1,000 suicides, those of 16 men and 24 women were said to have resulted from matrimonial misunderstandings or incompatibility of temper. In Norway the figures were 21 men and 18 women; in Prussia, 48 men and 51 women; in Saxony, 26 men and 20 women; in Italy, 75 men and 76 women; in France, 138 men and 164 women. It is remarked that the largest number of these suicides occur in France and Italy, where divorce does not exist.

THE GOAT.

The goat is a native of the vacant lots about the city, and there are lots of them.

The goat is omnivorous. He will eat anything that he sees, and will seize anything that he may go.

His principal food, however, is "play-bill." He is very fond of letters.

Let us honor him for his love of bill letters.

The gentleman goat is called Billy, but he is a Billy that no policeman can handle.

The lady goats are called Nanny. This is the ewe-Nanny-mous name.

The young goat is called a kid. Kids are on hand the year round.

The goat is generous to a fault. He presents a couple of horns to everybody he sees.

In the matter of mere looks, the Cashmere goat is the most famous.

Goats are fond of the outskirts of large cities; also hoop-skirts.

The goat wears a beard. It is called a goatee, though not confined to the he goat.

The goat is noted for his bawling, but never flags.

The goat is one of the signs of the zodiac, signifying that he has a propensity to knock things sky-high.

He never gets high himself. That is to say, never gets over the b-a-a-a.

Shakespeare understood the spontaneity of the goat when he said, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but goat once."

The goat is a wide-awake animal. He is never caught napping, notwithstanding many cases of kidnapping you may have read about.

For many years the goat was the only butter known.

Goats have to get on a high rock and run themselves. Give them a chance and they will always seek a sunny climb.

The god Pan was a sort of half-goat. All goats do not pan out as well as he did.—Boston Post.

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE FUTURE.
Editor Smith, of the Chicago Weekly Express, is of the opinion that "the newspaper of the future ought to be, and doubtless will be, a sheet of moderate size, printed in plain type of good size, on clean white paper. Its pages will be small, and it will be folded, cut and attached to a magazine. It will be a general newspaper; it will be devoted to matters of general interest, leaving the details of markets, court reports, etc., to journals devoted to such specialties. It will contain no advertisements; papers devoted to advertising as a specialty will be circulated at a nominal cost. It will omit all of the petty and immoral news which fills so much of the space of the daily press of the present day—crimes, scandals, personalities and provincial items. Criminal and scandalous matters will be monopolized by the scavenger press, the journals of immorality. It will be fair and open and independent; it will give a hearing to different opinions and to all enlightened thought. It will seek a reputation for its ideas as well as for its news. It will employ the ablest writers and thinkers at the head of its staff. Ohio has got to be a large manufacturing State, in iron next as large as Pennsylvania, and a tariff for revenue only is not a popular political motto to write on a banner except with the old Democratic party, and Bookwater is suspected on all hands. The honest men of the party feel scandalized because their candidate for Governor opened his 'bar!' and literally bought the nomination. So many persons and papers allege. He is rich and can do it. The boys seem to have correctly 'sized his pile.' So between tariff and free trade, monopoly and anti-monopoly, prohibition and free whisky, the Democratic party of Ohio will be like the troubled sea this fall, stirring up mire and dirt. In the mean time, the united Republicans, with their excellent ticket, will sweep the State like a prairie on fire, and re-elect Gov. Foster by a largely increased majority.—Chicago Journal.

OHIO.
The trouble with the Ohio Democracy is already commenced, and the party is like a house divided against itself, the side being founded upon the sand. The nomination of Bookwater as the candidate for Governor is very distasteful to the old rock-rooted, moss-covered Bourbons, for several reasons, each one of which will lose him many votes. He was a Republican up to 1872, when he (Greely) was elected to the Democratic office. Then the convention that nominated him did not 'go its length' in favor of free trade, but spoke of the 'encouragement of protective industries,' which is a sop to the protectionists, and Congressman Frank Hurd and his associate free-traders are as mad as can be. Next, Bookwater is a monopolist, a bloated bondholder opposed to the prohibitory liquor laws, so that the cry of anti-monopoly is of no avail with such a candidate at the head of the ticket. Ohio has got to be a large manufacturing State, in iron next as large as Pennsylvania, and a tariff for revenue only is not a popular political motto to write on a banner except with the old Democratic party, and Bookwater is suspected on all hands. The honest men of the party feel scandalized because their candidate for Governor opened his 'bar!' and literally bought the nomination. So many persons and papers allege. He is rich and can do it. The boys seem to have correctly 'sized his pile.' So between tariff and free trade, monopoly and anti-monopoly, prohibition and free whisky, the Democratic party of Ohio will be like the troubled sea this fall, stirring up mire and dirt. In the mean time, the united Republicans, with their excellent ticket, will sweep the State like a prairie on fire, and re-elect Gov. Foster by a largely increased majority.—Chicago Journal.

NOMINATING A BANK ACCOUNT.
The Democrats of Ohio have nominated an unknown name, an empty record, and a flush pocketbook as their candidate for Governor. When the Duke of Newcastle designated the dull and imbecile Sir John Robinson as leader of the House of Commons, the elder Pitt exclaimed: "Why, his Grace might as well send his footman to lead us." The Ohio Democrats have chosen, not a footman, but a bank account, to lead them.—Philadelphia Press.

Many names of English places begin with Brock, which in Saxon means yew, and it has been noticed that yews specially abound at Brockenhurst, an ancient place near New Forest. In 1807 an act of Parliament prohibited persons from felling churchyard timber. It is believed that this was only meant to apply to yew trees, which were cultivated in churchyards, with a view to their boughs supplying archers with bows. These trees, of ext extraordinary age and size, are found in churchyards to-day. One at Totterdoy is thirty-two feet in girth.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such advantage are usually firm—for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices.

REJECTED POEMS.
The Boston Transcript gives three columns of "rejected poems" with this introduction:

"Nothing gives an editor more genuine pain than to reject poetry, and yet the limits of the ordinary newspaper are such that a great deal goes into the waste-basket which, if printed, would furnish unalloyed delight to critical and sympathetic readers. Enough rhythmic sweetness is annually wasted in the office of a literary newspaper to perfume the desert of Sahara. An idea seems to have got about that editors in general do not like poetry. It is a mistake; they do. Nothing cheers the editorial heart so much as to get five or six poems every morning about the seasons, empty chairs, little graces, 'She is Gone,' torn hearts, and such. Even if he cannot use them, he put them in an agreeable state of mind, and help him up for his day's work; and then, an editor has nothing to do but to put his heels up on the desk and read poetry all day. The truth is, so far as they themselves are concerned, editors don't get half enough poetry. They would willingly crowd out advertisements to put it in if publishers would allow, but the sordid spirit of gain heads them off. Every poem that goes into the waste-basket represents a pang on the part of the editor."

Bellevue is not in our power, but truthfulness is.

A Great Financial Achievement.

It is only eighteen weeks since Gen. Garfield was inaugurated President, and yet during that brief period his administration has been able to arrange for a saving of more than fifteen millions annually in the interest on the public debt. This saving has been accomplished mainly by the conversion of the outstanding 6 per cents, and 5 per cents, into call bonds bearing only 4 per cent. interest. In addition to this, however, provision has been made for the payment of \$94,705,400 of the high interest bonds out of the surplus revenue to apply on account of the sinking fund. The total saving per annum is \$15,441,164.

This achievement would be a great credit to the new administration under any circumstances, but its merit is materially enhanced by the fact that it follows an abortive attempt of the recent Democratic Congress to carry out some similar measure. When Congress assembled last winter, there was little hope of its doing more than to pass the regular appropriation bills, and agree upon a fair and practicable refunding act. The consideration of the appropriation bills consumed but little time, for no Congress ever allowed a budget to slip through so easily. But the refunding measure, though it was known to be of vital importance, was postponed from day to day, and failed to receive earnest attention until after the holiday vacation. When it was finally approached the Democratic majority was governed more by a desire to make party capital out of it than to reduce the burden of the debt. The Democrats in Congress believed it would be popular to embrace the national banks by covering them with a scrib for low-interest bonds, which, as subsequent events have proved, were to be eagerly sought by the public. The refunding bill which passed the House provided for an experimental rate of interest (3 per cent.), and contained the obnoxious provision in regard to the banks. The Senate removed in part the glaring injustice of the bill, but the Democratic majority in the House remained obstinate, and preferred to adjourn without any provision in regard to refunding rather than surrender its war upon the banks. In much the same spirit the Democratic majority in the Senate refused its assent to a fair apportionment bill because it did not suit the purposes of the Democratic leaders.

President Garfield and Secretary Windom were confronted at the outset with this embarrassment, which many people believe the Democrats desired to put upon the incoming administration. They were equal to the emergency, however, and assumed the responsibility of negotiating a renewal of the loan upon such terms and conditions as were least objectionable to any quarter. An extension of the old bonds at the rate of 3 per cent. interest, terminable at the option of the Government, was offered to holders who might apply within a given time, and the applications were greatly in excess of the limit that had been placed upon renewals. The project had proved to be a great success, and not merely so, but it was the result of Garfield's administration, but reflects upon the narrow party spirit shown by the Democrats, who might have worn this feather in their own cap.—Chicago Tribune.

OHIO.
The trouble with the Ohio Democracy is already commenced, and the party is like a house divided against itself, the side being founded upon the sand. The nomination of Bookwater as the candidate for Governor is very distasteful to the old rock-rooted, moss-covered Bourbons, for several reasons, each one of which will lose him many votes. He was a Republican up to 1872, when he (Greely) was elected to the Democratic office. Then the convention that nominated him did not 'go its length' in favor of free trade, but spoke of the 'encouragement of protective industries,' which is a sop to the protectionists, and Congressman Frank Hurd and his associate free-traders are as mad as can be. Next, Bookwater is a monopolist, a bloated bondholder opposed to the prohibitory liquor laws, so that the cry of anti-monopoly is of no avail with such a candidate at the head of the ticket. Ohio has got to be a large manufacturing State, in iron next as large as Pennsylvania, and a tariff for revenue only is not a popular political motto to write on a banner except with the old Democratic party, and Bookwater is suspected on all hands. The honest men of the party feel scandalized because their candidate for Governor opened his 'bar!' and literally bought the nomination. So many persons and papers allege. He is rich and can do it. The boys seem to have correctly 'sized his pile.' So between tariff and free trade, monopoly and anti-monopoly, prohibition and free whisky, the Democratic party of Ohio will be like the troubled sea this fall, stirring up mire and dirt. In the mean time, the united Republicans, with their excellent ticket, will sweep the State like a prairie on fire, and re-elect Gov. Foster by a largely increased majority.—Chicago Journal.

NOMINATING A BANK ACCOUNT.
The Democrats of Ohio have nominated an unknown name, an empty record, and a flush pocketbook as their candidate for Governor. When the Duke of Newcastle designated the dull and imbecile Sir John Robinson as leader of the House of Commons, the elder Pitt exclaimed: "Why, his Grace might as well send his footman to lead us." The Ohio Democrats have chosen, not a footman, but a bank account, to lead them.—Philadelphia Press.

Many names of English places begin with Brock, which in Saxon means yew, and it has been noticed that yews specially abound at Brockenhurst, an ancient place near New Forest. In 1807 an act of Parliament prohibited persons from felling churchyard timber. It is believed that this was only meant to apply to yew trees, which were cultivated in churchyards, with a view to their boughs supplying archers with bows. These trees, of ext extraordinary age and size, are found in churchyards to-day. One at Totterdoy is thirty-two feet in girth.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such advantage are usually firm—for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices.

REJECTED POEMS.
The Boston Transcript gives three columns of "rejected poems" with this introduction:

"Nothing gives an editor more genuine pain than to reject poetry, and yet the limits of the ordinary newspaper are such that a great deal goes into the waste-basket which, if printed, would furnish unalloyed delight to critical and sympathetic readers. Enough rhythmic sweetness is annually wasted in the office of a literary newspaper to perfume the desert of Sahara. An idea seems to have got about that editors in general do not like poetry. It is a mistake; they do. Nothing cheers the editorial heart so much as to get five or six poems every morning about the seasons, empty chairs, little graces, 'She is Gone,' torn hearts, and such. Even if he cannot use them, he put them in an agreeable state of mind, and help him up for his day's work; and then, an editor has nothing to do but to put his heels up on the desk and read poetry all day. The truth is, so far as they themselves are concerned, editors don't get half enough poetry. They would willingly crowd out advertisements to put it in if publishers would allow, but the sordid spirit of gain heads them off. Every poem that goes into the waste-basket represents a pang on the part of the editor."

Bellevue is not in our power, but truthfulness is.

TWO ROSES.

I send two roses to-day fair,
A red one and a white,
And if she loves me she will wear
The pure white rose tonight;
But if she loves me she will wear
The red one to-morrow night.
To tell my love to-day,
To tell my love to-day,
To tell my love to-day,
To tell my love to-day.

In hope and fear the day I spend;
Each moment I am waiting;
For all my future days depend
Upon a simple rose.
Oh, that the night would come, I sigh,
Then walk twice only noon.
For me, if he were doomed to die,
The night will prove too soon.

She comes! and with her comes a breath
Of roses on the air,
And is it life or is it death,
I look upon my fair.
I see the white rose on her breast,
The red rose on her cheek;
What word of words to tell the fact,
So fast these roses speak!
—The Republic.

PLEASANTRIES.

Follow the example of trees—keep some things in the shade.

Many of the richest planters of San Domingo live on coffee grounds.

Never write the word "this" backward. It will be a "sin" if you do.

A pig was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.

A dog's house advertises lawn dresses that will wash. Isn't it the business of a laundress to wash?

Tar hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to a square root he is there—the hog is.

"What makes the hair fall out?" asks a correspondent. Usually it is the property of the deceased that makes the hairs fall out.

A niven's month is larger than its head, the sea has arms but no hands, and a mountain has a foot but no legs. Queer, isn't it?

Rev. George H. Hermon has written a romance entitled "I!" It is in \$88, and the interest is "thing and unjolly."—Lowell Courier.

A correspondent writes: "Will you tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was?" Certainly, her maiden name was to marry Mr. Langtry.

MANY a newspaper has been assassinated in the same way as the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, by means of scissors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A LITTLE 3-year-old said to her mother one day, "Mamma, you married papa so that no one else could get him, didn't you?" Her ideas of human nature were quite earnest.

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the Professor of History. And the absent-minded student answered, "Seventeen dollars for lack hire for self and girl for two hours."

An Arkansas journal says that they have in that State as powerfully impregnated with iron that the farmers' horses which drink at it never have to be shod, the shoe growing on their feet naturally.

Captain in the act: Clara—"O Charles, you naughty boy! I saw you throw your cigar away just as I came round the corner." Charles—"Why didn't you say you wanted it? How was I to know?"

That genial old proverb manufacturer who wrote, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," forgot to add that all play and no work makes Jack a professional sport at 20 years of age, and lands him in the penitentiary at 30.

"Henry," said his wife, with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

Presidents have decided that a man hailing from a small town in Kansas has two hearts. What a predicament he will be in when his girl asks him, "Do you love me with all your heart?" He will have to say, "Which heart?" and that may break the engagement.—Philadelphia Sun.

Said a distinguished politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an Alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree. And what is my reward? Why, when I die my son will be the greatest man in the city." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die, and not till then."

Dr. Brand says the Americans are the most nervous people on earth because they are the most highly civilized and intellectual. Oh, well; if that's what ails us we shall no longer complain; but there have been times when we should have preferred a little more nerve and less intellectuality.—Norristown Herald.

I've found of him
And, crimson-fam,
And macaroni crowned with bacon;
Yet, while I sleep
He keeps me from my bed.

My faith in cures remains unshaken;
But, when my fancy's running wild,
And it has been noticed that yews specially abound at Brockenhurst, an ancient place near New Forest. In 1807 an act of Parliament prohibited persons from felling churchyard timber. It is believed that this was only meant to apply to yew trees, which were cultivated in churchyards, with a view to their boughs supplying archers with bows. These trees, of ext extraordinary age and size, are found in churchyards to-day. One at Totterdoy is thirty-two feet in girth.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such advantage are usually firm—for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices.

THE AVALANCHE.

SALLING, HANSON & CO., EDS.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Michigan, as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1881.

President Garfield is rapidly convalescing, and now sits propped up a short time during each day, eats quite heartily of strong food, and will be able to be about in a few weeks.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

WISCONSIN LANDS

ON THE LINE OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R. For full particulars, which will be sent FREE, address: CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$25 to \$50 PER DAY.

Can easily be made by using the CELEBRATED

VICTOR

WELL AUGER AND ROCK BORING MACHINERY.

In any part of the Country.

We mean it, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact. They are operated by either Man, Horse or Steam Power, and bore very rapid. They range in size from

3 Inch to 4 1/2 Feet

In Diameter,

and will bore to any

Required Depth!

They will bore successfully and satisfactorily in all kinds of Earth, Soft Sand and Limestone, Bituminous Stone Coal, Slate, Hard Pan Gravel, Lava, Builders' Serpentine and Conglomerate Rock, and guaranteed to make the very best of Wells in Quick Sand. They are light running, simple in construction, easily operated, durable, and acknowledged as the best and most practical Machine extant. They are endorsed by some of the highest State Officials. We contract for prospecting for

COAL, GOLD, SILVER, COAL OIL

AND ALL KINDS OF MINERALS.

Also for sinking Artesian Wells and Coal Shafts, etc. We also furnish Engines, Boilers, Wind Mills, Hydraulic Rams, Horse Powers, Brick Machines, Mining Tools, Portable Forges, Rock Drills, and Machinery of all kinds.

Good active Agents wanted in every Country in the World.

ADDRESS: WESTERN MACHINERY SUPPLY DEPOT, 511 Walnut Street, SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI, U. S. A.

State in what paper you saw this.

Watches! Watches!

F. L. MURRAY

THE JEWELER.

Keeps on hand a full line of

Watches, Clocks Silverware

All Orders by mail attended to at once. All work done in the best manner and warranted. Send in your watches by mail or express and they will be returned to you on short notice in good repair.

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

F. L. MURRAY,

BAY CITY JEWELER.

Manufacturer of Fine Hair Jewelry.

N. E. BRITT,

GRAYLING, MICH.

County Surveyor

OF

Crawford County

SURVEYING

In all of its Branches,

Including Levelling,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Manistee Hotel.

AND

BILLIARD PARLOR

Second door east of Exchange Hotel

GRAYLING, MICH.

IMPORTED

WINE, LIQUORS & CIGARS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

F. W. ROBINSON,

Proprietor.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases. For 30 years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always given perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried but have been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and singers use them to clear and strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

AS USUAL!

I have now on hand a full and complete Stock of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, PILLS, PLASTERS, LOTIONS and LINIMENT, PAINTS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, and OILS of all kinds, together with all the Sundries that go to make up a first-class

DRUG STORE.

I have also the largest and best assorted Stock of

FURNITURE,

PICTURE FRAMES,

and MIRRORS,

suited to the wants of a new country, north of Bay City.

I am the only person north of Bay City that can give you your choice of 40 pieces of Carpeting, consisting of

HEMP, INGRAIN, THREE-PLY, BRUSSELS and BAILEY-BRUSSELS,

at the Lowest Chicago Prices—ranging from 40c to \$1.50 per yard.

I am the only person along this line of railroad who can give you your choice of a variety of

SEWING MACHINES.

Always in Stock.

The far famed "DAUNTLESS," and the unrivaled "NEW HOME," and the "ROYAL ST. JOHN," the three Best Machines made and can be bought for the same price you will pay elsewhere, for a poor one.

If you want a Sewing Machine, do not buy of a peddler or small dealer, but come where you can have your choice of a variety. Needles and Attachments of all kinds always on hand.

In CLOCKS, my Stock is complete—Variety Extensive, and Quality the Best.

I desire to call special attention to my Stock of

SILVER WATCHES, and SILVER-PLATED WARE, GOLD and SILVER VEST & NECK CHAINS,

RINGS and BRACELETS, LOCKETS and CHARMS,

SILVER THIMBLES, CASTORS, KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS.

All of which will be sold Cheap, and guaranteed as represented.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry skillfully repaired, and satisfaction guaranteed.

45 N. E. TRAVEL, M. D., GRAYLING.

NEW STORE!

Mrs. L. Barba

Invites the attention of the LADIES of Grayling and vicinity seeking economical investment for

their money to inspect her SELECT and

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Milinery and

FANCY GOODS.

Also,

DRESS and

MANTLE Making,

Done in Latest Styles.

Rooms first door North of Grayling House, 50-11.

SILAS G. BUSH,

—AGENT FOR—



GALE PLOW AND GALE WHEEL RAKE.

Repairing done to order.

Residence CENTER PLAINS, Michigan.

J. A. BEHMLANDER,

—DEALER IN—

Fresh and Salt Meats,

—HARD, SAUSAGE, & C.—

Game of all kinds in Season.

NO. 6 LINN STREET,

West Bay City, Mich.

Michigan Central Railroad.

SAGINAW DIVISION.

Time Table—May 26, 1879.

STATIONS.	Mail Saginaw and Bay City Express.	Through Freight.
Jackson.....	7 00 a.m.	4 15 p.m.
River Junction.....	7 35	4 45
Marquette.....	8 02	5 15
Holt.....	8 35	5 45
Lansing.....	8 55	6 05
North Lansing.....	9 25	6 35
Bath.....	9 55	7 05
Lansingburg.....	10 25	7 35
Beaumont.....	10 55	8 05
D. & M. Crossing.....	11 25	8 35
Owosso.....	11 55	9 05
Oakley.....	12 25	9 35
Cheaning.....	12 55	10 05
St. Charles.....	1 25	10 35
Tittabawassee.....	1 55	11 05
Saginaw City.....	2 25	11 35
St. Charles.....	2 55	12 05
E. Saginaw.....	3 25	12 35
F. & P. M. Junction.....	3 55	1 05
Zilwaukee.....	4 25	1 35
West Bay City.....	4 55	2 05
Bay City.....	5 25	2 35

STATIONS.

STATIONS.	Chicago Express.	Chicago and Saginaw.	Freight.
Bay City.....	5 30 a.m.	4 45	5 30
West Bay City.....	6 05	5 20	6 05
Zilwaukee.....	7 02	6 20	7 02
F. & P. M. Junction.....	7 35	6 55	7 35
E. Saginaw.....	7 55	7 15	7 55
Saginaw City.....	8 25	7 45	8 25
St. Charles.....	8 55	8 15	8 55
Tittabawassee.....	9 25	8 45	9 25
Cheaning.....	9 55	9 15	9 55
Oakley.....	10 25	9 45	10 25
Owosso.....	10 55	10 15	10 55
D. & M. Crossing.....	11 25	10 45	11 25
Beaumont.....	11 55	11 15	11 55
Lansingburg.....	12 25	11 45	12 25
North Lansing.....	12 55	12 15	12 55
Lansing.....	1 25	12 45	1 25
Holt.....	1 55	1 15	1 55
Mason.....	2 25	1 45	2 25
Huron Junction.....	2 55	2 15	2 55
Bay City.....	3 25	2 45	3 25

MACKINAW DIVISION.

STATIONS.	Freight.	Mail.
West Bay City.....	5 30 a.m.	5 15
Bay City.....	6 00	5 45
Kawartha.....	6 30	6 15
Beaumont.....	7 00	6 45
St. Charles.....	7 30	7 15
Wells.....	8 00	7 45
West Bay City.....	8 30	8 15
St. Charles.....	9 00	8 45
Beaumont.....	9 30	9 15
Bay City.....	10 00	9 45
West Bay City.....	10 30	10 15
St. Charles.....	11 00	10 45
Beaumont.....	11 30	11 15
Bay City.....	12 00	11 45
West Bay City.....	12 30	12 15
St. Charles.....	1 00	12 45
Beaumont.....	1 30	1 15
Bay City.....	2 00	1 45

STATIONS.

STATIONS.	Freight.	Mail.
Gaylord.....	5 00 a.m.	5 30
Owosso Lake.....	5 30	6 00
Grayling.....	6 00	6 30
Beaumont.....	6 30	7 00
St. Charles.....	7 00	7 30
West Branch.....	7 30	8 00
Wells.....	8 00	8 30
Standish.....	8 30	9 00
Fincooning.....	9 00	9 30
Kawartha.....	9 30	10 00
West Bay City.....	10 00	10 30
Bay City.....	10 30	11 00

GILMORE & CO.,

(Established 1865.)

PENSIONS, INCREASE OF PENSIONS, and all other classes of Claims for Soldiers and Soldiers' Heirs, prosecuted, Address with stamp,

GILMORE & CO.,

Washington, D. C.

The Needle Threading

THIMBLE.

The Greatest Novelty of the 19th century. Ladies just think of it! The thimble on your finger which you sew with will enable you to thread your needle almost in the dark. We want agents in every town in the United States. Samples 25 cts. 3 for 50 cts. Address, U. S. Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. B. BUSH, U. S. Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Whistle

or Swiss Warbler. This whistle is the only Genuine and reliable Bird Call manufactured. It imitates every sound in the animal kingdom. By mail for 10 cts. or 6 for 25 cts. Address, U. S. Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Commercial Mutual

ASSOCIATION.

Office 99 Griswold St., under 2d National Bank.

DETROIT, MICH.

A Corporation—furnishing Life Insurance and Endowment at Cost, and offering the shortest periods of Endowment that is possible with safety.

The only security in mutual companies is the established character of honesty and integrity of its officers and trustees.

Trustee.

P. E. DeMILL, Secretary and Treasurer Mich. Gas Light Co.

Director Merchants' & Manufacturers' Bank

JOHN C. WILLIAMS, Real Estate Dealer.

ALFRED E. BRUSH, Executor E. A. Brush Estate.

W. P. STONE and Co., Wholesale Produce.

Officers.

P. E. DeMILL, President.

L. W. TINKER, Vice President.

W. A. BURY, Secretary.

ROBT. E. ROBERTS, Treasurer.

Ex-Receiver of taxes.

GEO. W. MOORE, Attorney.

Of Moore & Moore.

ROBINSON WAGON CO

CINCINNATI, O.

This Company Have Just Finished Complete Shops With Every Facility Of The Latest Improved Machinery, And Are Prepared To Manufacture

Standard Trade Vehicles,

—[SUCH AS]—

FARM WAGONS,

SPRING WAGONS,

PLATFORM WAGONS,

Ludlow Spring Wagons,

Farmers' Two-Seated Carriages,

STANDARD TRADE BUGGIES,

Elegant Brewster Buggy,

Send for Designs and Prices to

ROBINSON WAGON CO.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Who Wants

?? A FARM CHEAP??

500,000 Acres

RICH FARMING LANDS FOR SALE!

The Lands of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad Company are

Now offered for sale at

LOW PRICES AND ON LONG TIME

Saginaw river nearly to the Straits of Mackinaw, and contain large tracts of

farming lands

as good

as can be found in any

part of the United States, are well timbered with hard wood—

maple, beech, elm, oak, &c., and well adapted to Grain, Stock and Fruit growing. Soil, black sandy

LOAM AND

ABOUNDING IN SPRINGS OF THE PUREST WATER.

PRICES OF

Farming Lands from

\$2.50 to \$6.00

Per Acre.

Send for illustrated pamphlet full of facts and figures.

ADDRESS: O. M. BARNES,

Land Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

READ THE FOLLOWING TABLE

Age of Insured. Per Cent. Paid. Amount of Insurance. Rate per \$1000.

15 to 25 inclusive 30 \$5,000 20

26, 25 " 85 4,500 18

36, 45 " 80 4,000 16

46, 50 " 75 3,500 15

51, 55 " 70 3,000 14

56, 60 " 65 2,500 13

61, 65 " 60 2,000 12

Total Liability of Members: Initiation Fee, \$10. Yearly Dues, \$2. Assessment for Loss, \$1.

Reliable Agents, who can furnish suitable references, wanted throughout the country north of Ohio River.

Terms given and blanks forwarded on application to

W. A. BURY, Secretary.

Shakespeare's Works